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IN

MEMORY

OF

Joseph Washington, Esq;

Late of the MIDDLE TEMPLE,

AN

ELEGY.

13. Nov. 1694.

Written by N. TATE, Servant to Their Majesties.

L I C E N S ' D

November 7. 1694.

E D W A R D C O O K E.

CAN Learning's Orb, when such a Star Expires,
No Notice take of it's extinguish'd Fires?
Can WASHINGTON from Britain's Arms be torn,
And not one British Muse his Hearse Adorn?

Since abler Bards his Obsequies Decline,
And They whom Art inspires desert his Shrine,

A

I'll

I'll trust my Grief his Fun'ral Dirge to Breath ;
 I'll Crown his Tomb, thô with a fading Wreath.
 Nor shall the Boasting Fates have this to say,
 That unobserv'd they stole such Worth away ;
 No — since Mankind a Loss in him sustain,
 We'll of that Wrong to all Mankind Complain.

O whither tend the famish'd Hopes of Wit,
 That do's whole Years in Brooding Study sit !
 From Early Dawn, till Day forsakes the Sky,
 And Midnight Lamps the absent Sun supply ;
 Why should the Learn'd, with Chymist's Patience wait
 Their Works *Projection*, never gain'd till Late ?
 If, soon as got, Fate's rigid Law must Doom
 Them, and their rich Discov'ry to one Tomb !
 Why should we Ancient Arts steep Ruins Climb,
 And backward Trace the Painful Steps of Time ?
 Why moil, and ransack, for a Golden Mite
 Past Ages Rubbish till we lose our Sight ?
 If baffled from the Search we must Retire ;
 Or, having seiz'd it, o'er the Prize Expire.

In vain do's friendly Nature too Combine,
 And with our Industry her Forces join ;
 In vain her Ablest Faculties are brought,
 Quick Fancy, Judgment to perfection wrought,
 And Memory, the Magazine of Thought ;
 Convincing Reason, Charming Eloquence,
 All these she did to Him we Mourn Dispence ;
 To Him who lies in Death's cold Arms enclos'd,
 And leaves his Sacred Fame ———
 To such an Artless Song as mine, Expos'd.

O for a *Mausoleum* ! no less Tomb,
 Can for his Merit's History have Room :

Then

Then let some Angel from the Realms of Light
 Descend, the shining Epitaph to Write!
 No Mortal Wit his Character may give;
 Our Verse can only on his Marble live.

His Genius rival'd *Rome's* and *Athen's* Fame,
 Breath'd *Virgil's* Majesty, and *Homer's* Flame;
 Touch'd the *Horatian* Lyre with equal Ease,
 Sail'd with Success on *Tully's* flowing Seas.

In Languages his Knowledge was Sublime,
 From Modern to the Speech of Infant Time:
 Thus from the Sacred Oracles he drew
 Those Truths, which scarce the Patriarchs better knew.

The Sages, by Antiquity Admir'd,
 (Who justly to the Name of *Wise* Aspir'd,)
 In Speculation ne'er cou'd soar so High,
 Nor Contemplation to such Use apply;
 For He, his Life adjusting to his Thought,
 Practis'd more Virtue than those Masters Taught.

His Soul of ev'ry Science was the Sphere,
 Yet *Artless Honesty* sat Regent there;
 Bright Learning's Charms none better understood,
 Yet less he study'd to be Learn'd, than Good.

To *Truth*, in Notion, as in Practice, just,
 Ne'er servily his Knowledge took on Trust;
 Nor held for Sacred Custom's doating Dreams;
 Disdain'd to drink Tradition's muddy Streams:
 But to clear Principles had still Recourse,
 Nor rested, till he found the happy Source:
 And then, with gen'rous Charity possess'd,
 His Country with the rich Discov'ry blest.

His

His Skill in Laws was less for private Gain
 Employ'd, than publick Freedom to Maintain ;
 While Mercenaries with the Current steer'd,
 His Country's constant Patron he appear'd.
 With *Roman* Virtue at the needful Hour,
 Oppos'd encroaching Tides of Lawless Pow'r.
 His brandish'd Pen, in Liberty's Support,
 Cou'd Lightning on th' astonish'd Foe retort.
 Scarcely in *Marvel's* keen Remarks we find
 Such Energy of Wit and Reason join'd.
 Great *Milton's* Shade with pleasure oft look'd down,
 A Genius to applaud so like his Own.

F I N I S:

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